

THE MAN ON THE BOX

By HAROLD MacGRATH

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"No. She may be a trifle puzzled, though. I saw her watching you hands at the table. She has eyes and can readily see that such hands as yours were never made to carry soup plates. For the life of me, I had a time of it, swallowing my laughter. I longed for a vacant lot to yell in. It would have been a positive relief. The top of Troop A peddling soup! Oh, I shall have to tell the boys. You used more pipe-clay than any other man in the regiment. Don't scowl. Never mind; you've had your joke; I must have mine. Don't let that Russian fellow get the inside track. Keep her on American soil. I like him and I don't like him; and for all your tomfoolery and mischief, there is good stuff in you—stuff that any woman might be proud of. If you hadn't adopted this disguise, I could have helped you out a bit by cracking up some of your exploits. Well, they will be inquiring for me. Good night and good luck. If you should need me, a note will find me at the Army and Navy club." And the genial old warrior, shaking with silent laughter, went back to the house.

Warburton remained standing. He was lost in a dream. All at once he pressed the rose to his lips and kissed it shamelessly, kissed it uncountable times. Two or three leaves, not withstanding this violent treatment, fluttered to the floor. He picked them up; any one of those velvet leaves might have been the recipient of her kisses, the rosary of love. He was in love, such a love that comes but once to any man, not passing, uncertain, but lasting. He knew that it was useless. He had digged with his own hands the abyss between himself and this girl. But there was a secret gladness; to love was something. (For my part, I believe that the glory lies, not in being loved, but in loving.)

I do not know how long he stood there, but it must have been at least ten minutes. Then the door opened and Monsieur Pierre lurched or rolled (I can't explain or describe the method of his entrance) into the room, his face red with anger, and a million thousand thunders on the tip of his Gallic tongue.

"So! You haf leaf me to clear ze table, eh? Not by a damn! I, clear ze table? I? I tink not. I cook, nozing else. To see dining-room, or I haf you discharge!"

"All right, Peter, old boy!" cried Warburton, the gloom lifting from his face. This Pierre was a very funny fellow.

"Petaire! You haf the insolence to call me Petaire? Why, I haf you keeled out in ze morning, lackey!"

"Cook!"—mockingly.

Pierre was literally dumfounded. Such disrespect he had never before witnessed. It was frightful. He opened his mouth to issue a volley of French oaths, when Zhames's hand stopped him.

"Look here, Peter, you broil your partridge and flavor your soup, but keep out of the stables, or, in your own words, I keel you or keek you out. You tell the scullery maid to clear off the table, I'm off duty for the rest of the night. Now, then, allons! Marche!"

And M'sieu Zhames gently but firmly and steadily pushed the scandalized Pierre out of the room and closed the door in his face. I shan't repeat what Pierre said, much less what he thought.

Let me read a thought from the mind of each of my principals, the final thought before retiring that night.

Karloff (on leaving Mrs. Chadwick): Dishonor against dishonor; so it must be. I can not live without that girl.

Mrs. Chadwick: (when Karloff had gone): He has lost, but I have won.

Annesley: So one step leads to another, and the labyrinth of dishonor has no end.

The Colonel: What the deuce will love put next into the young mind?

Pierre (to Celeste): I haf been discharge!

Celeste (to Pierre): He ees handsome! Warburton (sighing in the dolorosa): How I love her!

The Girl (standing before her mirror and smiling happily): Oh Mister Butler! Why?

CHAPTER XX.

THE EPISODE OF THE STOVEPIPE.

In the morning Monsieur Pierre faithfully reported to his mistress the groom's extraordinary insolence and impudence of the night before. The girl struggled with and conquered her desire to laugh; for monsieur was somewhat grotesque in his rage.

"Frightful. Mademoiselle, most frightful! He call me Petaire most disrespectful way, and eject me from ze stables. I can not call hem out, he eez a groom and knows nozing of ze amende honorable."

Mademoiselle summoned M'sieu Zhames. She desired to make the comedy complete in all its phases.

"James, whenever you are called upon to act in the capacity of butler, you must clear the table after the guests leave it. This is imperative. I do not wish the scullery girl to handle the porcelain save in the tubs. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Miss. There were no orders to that effect last night, however." He was angry.

Monsieur Pierre puffed up like the lady-frog in Aesop's fables.

"And listen, Pierre," she said, collapsing the bubble of the chef's conceit, "you must give no orders to James. I will do that. I do not wish

shoulder . . . and his knees all but gave way under him. Caught! The rider was none other than his sister Nancy! It was all over now for a certainty. He knew it; he had about one minute to live. She was too near, so he dared not fly. Then a brilliant inspiration came to him. He quickly passed his hand over his face. The disguise was complete.

"James!" Miss Annesley was standing on the veranda. "Take charge of the horse. Nancy, dear, I am so glad to see you!"

James was anything but glad. "Betty, good gracious, whatever is the matter with this fellow? Has he the black plague? Ugh!" She slid from the saddle unaided.

James stolidly took the reins. "The kitchen stove-pipe fell down," Betty replied, "and James stood in the immediate vicinity of it."

The two girls laughed joyously, but James did not even smile. He had half a notion to kiss Nancy, as he had planned to do that memorable night of the ball at the British embassy. But even as the notion came, to him, Nancy had climbed up the steps and was out of harm's way.

"James," said Miss Annesley, "go and wash your face at once."

"Yes, Miss."

At the sound of his voice Nancy turned swiftly; but the groom had presented his back and was leading the horse to the stables.

Nancy would never tell me the substance of her conversation with Miss Annesley that afternoon, but I am conceited enough to believe that a certain absent gentleman was the main topic. When she left, it was William who led out the horse. He explained that James was still engaged with soap and water and pumice-stone. Miss Annesley's laugh rang out heartily, and Nancy could not help joining her.

"And have you heard from that younger brother of yours?" Betty asked, as her friend settled herself in the saddle.

"Not a line, Betty, not a line; and I had set my heart on your meeting him. I do not know where he is, or when he will be back."

"Perhaps he is in quest of adventures."

"He is in Canada, hunting caribou."

"You don't tell me!"

"What a handsome girl you are, Betty!"—admiringly.

"What a handsome girl you are, Nancy!" mimicked the girl on the veranda. "If your brother is only half as handsome, I do not know whatever will become of this heart of mine when we finally meet." She smiled and drolly placed her hands on her heart.

"Don't look so disappointed, Nan; perhaps we may meet. I have an idea that he will prove interesting and entertaining;"—and she laughed again.

"Whoa, Dandy! What are you laughing at?" demanded Nancy.

"I was thinking of James and his soap, water and pumice-stone. That was all, dear. Saturday afternoon, then, we shall ride to the club and have tea. Good-by, and remember me to the baby."

"Good-by!"—and Nancy cantered away.

What a blissful thing the lack of presence is, sometimes!

When James had scraped the soot from his face and neck and hands and had sussed it from his hair, James observed, with some concern, that Pirate was coughing at a great rate. His fierce roar against the wind the day before had given him a cold. So James hunted for the veterinarian.

"Where do you keep your books here?" he asked William. "Pirate's got a cold."

"In the house library. You just go in and get it. We always do that at home. You'll find it on the lower shelf, to the right as you enter the door."

It was half after four when James having taken a final look at his hands and nails, proceeded to follow William's instructions. He found no one about. Outside the kitchen the lower part of the house was deserted. To reach the library he had to pass through the music-room.

The first thing that caught his attention was a movable drawing-board, on which lay an uncompleted drawing. At one side a glass into which were thrust numerous pens and brushes. Near this lay a small ball of crumpled cambric, such as women insist upon carrying in their street-car purses, a delicate, dainty, useless thing. So she drew pictures, too, he thought. Was there anything this beautiful creature could not do? Everything seemed to suggest her presence. An indefinable feminine perfume still lingered on the air, speaking eloquently of her.

Curiosity compelled him to step forward and examine her work. He approached with all the stealth of a gentlemanly burglar. He expected to see some trees and hills and mayhap a brook, or some cows standing in a stream or some children picking daisies. He had a sister and was reasonable familiar with the kind of subjects chosen by the lady-amateur.

A fortification plan!

(To Be Continued.)

Have You a Cough.

A dose of Ballard's Horehound Syrup will relieve it. Have you a cold?

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EXCURSION

SEASON OPENS IN FULL BLAST IN PADUCAH.

Railroads and Steamboats Carry Big Crowds in and Out of the City.

The excursion season is on in this section of the country and every Sunday excursions are run into and out of this territory on both river and railroad.

Yesterday one of the biggest "mixed" railroad excursions, the first, on the Nashville division, was run from Mayfield to Nashville. Seven carloads of passengers were secured from Mayfield and a total of 175 tickets sold out of Paducah. The train reached Nashville Sunday afternoon and will give one day lay over in that city.

Another excursion was run in from Cairo over the Illinois Central to accommodate the Knights of Columbus lodge and two river excursions were run, one to Joppa and Metropolis by the Dick Fowler and one to Birmingham, Ky., by the Cowling. The latter was a negro excursion.

DEATHS OF A DAY

Lucien C. Dallam.

A telegram was received here on Saturday afternoon by Mr. Muscoe Burnett, announcing the death of Mr. Lucien C. Dallam at his home in Henderson, Ky., at 3 o'clock that afternoon. Mr. Dallam was the father of Mrs. Burnett and she had been summoned there on Thursday by his serious illness. He had been confined to his bed only about a week, however, and death was from kidney trouble. Mr. Dallam was a prominent capitalist of Henderson, and for many years was president of the Henderson National bank. He was a man of wide culture and scholarly attainments and had not allowed his business affairs to encroach on his reading and studies. Of a lovable and social nature he made friends and kept them, and had a host of them in Paducah, where he often visited his daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Dallam celebrated their golden wedding anniversary two years ago, with a beautiful reception at their home in Henderson that was largely attended. Besides his wife, he leaves five children, Mrs. Muscoe Burnett, of this city, Mrs. Henry Burnett and Mr. Clarence Dallam, of Louisville, Mrs. George C. Cobb, of Chicago, and Mr. Charles E. Dallam, of Henderson. All of them have many friends in Paducah where Mrs. Henry Burnett and Mr. Clarence Dallam, also, formerly lived. Mr. Dallam was a brother of the late James L. Dallam, a prominent banker of Paducah and uncle of Mrs. W. W. Powell and Mr. Laurence Dallam, of this city and of Mr. T. J. Flournoy, of Paducah, and Rockmart, Ga.

No news has been received here in regard to the funeral, but the Henderson dispatches said it would be held Sunday afternoon. Mr. Dallam was a member of the Protestant Episcopal church.

Mrs. George Jennings.

The funeral of Mrs. George Jennings, of 1001 Boyd street, who died Saturday morning at 12:30 o'clock after a few hours' illness from heart trouble, was held Sunday morning at 10 o'clock at the residence. The service was conducted by the Rev. Calvin Thompson. The burial was in Oak Grove cemetery.

David Bridges.

David Bridges, 25 years old, died in Symsonia, Ky., Saturday afternoon of consumption. He is survived by his mother, two sisters and five brothers. The funeral was held Sunday afternoon at Bolton cemetery.

Westmoreland, Kan., May 5, 1926: Ballard Snow Liniment. C. Your Snow Liniment cured an old sore on the side of my chin that was supposed to be a cancer. The sore was stubborn and would not yield to treatment, until I tried Snow Liniment, which did the work in short order. My sister, Mrs. Sophia J. Carson, Allensville, Minn. Co., Pa., has a sore and mistrusts that it is a cancer. Please send her a 50c bottle sold by Alvey & List.

C. C. Grassham Agent.

C. C. Grassham has been appointed agent for the Holcomb-Hayes Tie company, which succeeded the Holcomb-Lobb Tie company, with headquarters in the office of Grassham & Threlkeld.

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